## THE EVENING WORLD'S COMPLETE NOVELETTE



## The Wandering Jewel BY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE



WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

DION FRANCE, a great jeweller, whose knowledge of gems is beyond that of any other expert.

MRS. "GARDY" VARICK, owner of the Riedesel pearls, one of the most notable strings in the world.

'GARDY" VARICK, who approves his wife's ability to cinch a bargain when she sees one.

CROOKY MAGELLAN, whose knowledge almost equals that of

France, but is put to a widely different use.

DUPONT, an assistant to France, who proves his usefulness at

a time when it is most needed. HE new play "Goodby, darling." A kiss on the

good humored, crowded house. Varick realizes that there is no As the lights earthly reason why he should not jumped and the wait five minutes or even fifteen to sea of stirring heads and real worried about some business to-day, bright "clothes but there's time." leaped from Ten minutes later Varick was aware darkness, I saw of a rustle of stiff silks back of the newspaper, and looked up to see his

across the auditorium the con- wife, magnificent in brocade and anspicuous white hair and black cient lace, glittering with jewels from eyebrows of Dion France, the great head to foot. "Gee!" He stared. jeweller, I am a connoisseur of stones and I have that, and other "Mostly out of a little embroidery things, in common. To-night, also, shop," Justine laughed. "I had the there was in my pocket a late acqui- lace and brocade Great-granny Riedsition. I found my way to his box. esel and other old parties. Isn't it

France examined my opal a moment lovely, Gardy? I think it will make a and gave it his valuable indorsement. hit, don't you? And I it cost just Then his mind shot back to its present nothing."

interest. He nodded toward the stage. Varick's eyes darkened. "Good," he "What do you think of the play? said gravely, and then: "Hey! What's Not bad, "o far! It's a pearl story, that grand rope of pearls? You didn't you know. Pearls are great adven- buy that at an embroidery shop, did turers; none greater. Why, I sup- you?" pose," he went on with his typical. infectious, intense interest in his own notice some time."
Idea—"why, I suppose that if you "That's the thing that makes you could choose at random one pearl look like the Duchess of Medina-from any of the valuable strings I see Sidonia. Ostentatious for anything in this audience, and if you could give less than a Duchess. it the power of telling its experience, you would have such a tale of pirates Justine was fair and tall and lovely. and harems, of ancient Assyrian Kings "I couldn't think what it was that and Scythian slaves in chains, of lux- made me blink." ury and horror and Persian beauties "That," said Justine, "Is the piece and Chinese torture and South Sea de resistance of the show. And I was hidden treasure—such a heap of wild clever." intrigues as would have made Dumas "You were?" Gardy responded green with envy. Some of them are doubtfully. "What price, clever nearly as old as the planet, those little Justy?" globes shining on a decorous neck down there-Mrs. Lounsberry Blake's "This grand rope of pearls cost just neck, for example, tenth row on the twenty-five dollars." right. She has a fine string, and I right. She has a fine string, and I find help to don't doubt that half of them have that twenty-five dollars is negligible don't doubt that half of them have that twenty-five dollars is negligible don't doubt that half of them have fat to our finances, Justy. We're not seen things which would make fat to our finances, Justy.

Mrs. Blake howl to hear about." I had never thought of that. "It to-day."

must be true," I said. "Pearls aren't Justine interrupted: "Gardy! Sureworn out and thrown away-seldom ly I might plunge to twenty-five dollost, I suppose,"

'Lost-oh, yes. Often lost," Mr. the dress. The moment I saw it France corrected me. "But only the owner. Through devious paths "What window?" the owner. Through devious paths "A pawnbroker's window downthey turn up again. They're the wan-dering Jews of still life. They never town. Coming from Brooklyn. I Mostly one can't be recognized happened to see this thing in among in a new incarnation, but sometimes tarnished silver and shoe buckles, and a whole string keeps its identity, that minute I knew it was the touch Even in my own lifetime I've seen it this costume screamed for. So I That Riedesel string-Baronecs Riede- dashed in and the old grimy bird of a sel of Revolutionary fame—remember? man sold it to me for twenty-five doiturned his face to her hand. "You're "Oh, Justine!" A brief hesitation. at home. Surely. We'll be delighted.

But it's already too amazing. Why, sel of Revolutionary fame—remember? man sold it to me for twenty-five doiturned his face to her hand. "You're "Oh, Justine!" A brief hesitation. at home. Surely. We'll be delighted.

But it's already too amazing. Why, she had fine pearls, astonishing ones. lars, and I started out. And I ran the fundamental fact, and I've risked "I have bed news. I want to tell you Mrs. Variek is here, too. In five stammered, "I bought that string minutes." old German baron swooped down from clacking with a clatter to the grimy lous." and his train, who had earlier lifted wait. It seemed uncomfy. I got to a man in the street steal them from them from some secret place in Bag- a human street with nice people, and me. "Oh!" cried Justine, "I could scended at last to Mrs. Gardiner thought you looked easy, and they Gardy, I'd sell them joyfully to help meant to hold you up for more. It's

"I know her," I put in. "Certainly," said France "Do you shop in the slums," said Varick. know her pearls?" "No," I acknowledged reluctantly: evaded discussion.

I am proud of my eye for jewels. Varick stared at

You wouldn't have seen them," tainly is. To my mind, i mea explained, "uniess you've looking as the Riedesel," France explained, known her a good while. "She's had "Much more, if it were real," them back only a month. They were agreed Justine. "It's twice as long."

work out this. The fewels come on now, I believe. tell you the Riedesel incident after this

The curtain of Act II, went down.

row to the right. See her? Look at the string as I tell you the tale; it should add an interest."

Dion France's voice of full vitality, Intangibly suggesting the drop of Oriental blood which he has, poured out in unbu. ried, unbalting flow, the ground-work of the following account, which I have filled in from other sources, and which I give amplified and as it must probably have hap-

N a morning of early December,

"Didn't I leave my papers on the well. "She whirled about to her hus-Besk here?" (Everything on the desk band, "Gardy," she cried, "every shunted back and forth.) "Mary once in a while I nearly burst be-Ann really must not touch my papers cause I simply can't bear !!- to have Oh, here they are." Then: lost those pearls. They were the very

out of it, whatever it may be. Then

"All right, dear. Hurry along, I'm

Justine chuckled. "I thought you'd

"It's up to me to be duchessesque."

"Awfully clever," she threw at him.

"That helps," said Varick. "Not

rich people, child, and I'm worried

ly I might plunge to twent, and lars! As you said, it's the making of

"But isn't it stunning?" Justine

Varick stared at the rope. "It cer-

consider the Florentine dress.

faction to have sold them," Varick He liked the Riedesels."

you've spoken of being worried. What ick left.

travagant to own them, being only to string them, so you can have them feel like going to-night.

only treasure we owned. It was ex- way down," he offered, "and get him the McKeans's, anyhow. We won't pearls?" "We'll give up nothing," Gardiner

"I don't know what you mean."

"I gave these over," said France,

did-yes, I did!"

close inspection, that it was green. The color is gone except where it's been protected by passing through the Mr. France.

He carried the string to the picture. Baroness in court dress, wearing the ancestral pearls.

"Do you catch that green thread here and there?" He pointed to the painting. "And do you see that these—these that I hold"—his dramatic face was compelling-"do you see that these pearls are the very same that the artist painted long ago, giving them that typical touch of green which to-day identifies them? It's my belief that these beautiful things in the den?" these pearls, wandering and losthave come back to their own."

"Mr. France," Justine spoke, her you to sign." cheeks burning. "I'm crazy to believe it, but I do. That green cord-I never heard of stringing pearls on a green cord, did you? Except these. yet-isn't there some possible way of ure identification?" France considered. "I said to Du-

pont, driving here, that there was just one event which would convince me beyond mistake that these jewels

What?" Justine and Varick shot word together.

"That they should be stolen again." 'No-oh, no!" She caught them in both hands. "We need them now." She slid the string over her head, keeping a hand on it as if to safe-

But Varick asked: "What have you in your mind?"

RANCE, dropping into a carved ly framed his Old World face "Oh—who?" She pointed a shaking and slender, tall body so that he finger, France smiled, breathing fast looked like an appeart Arabian astrol. looked like an ancient Arabian astrologer about to prophesy. "This is my member the one man whom you no-

into you, and two or three people seized you and pulled you out?" Crooky Magellan, the most eminent jewel thief in the world. He was known to be in New York. Your lewtaxi driver was one of the gang; there was a member of it on the troiley, and of the men who pulled you from under the taxi, one was Magelian himself, and he knew how to get

the pearls from your throat." - Her voice trailed.

"What do you mean, Justine? Have ing and shivering.

when I was leaving the pawnshop." "What is it, Cardy?" Justine was for"- She caught her breath and This time it was France who was tensely. "A pawnshop? When?" In as few words as might be Jusfolted. "Twenty-Mrs. Varick, don't tine told how she had bought the tificial stones, is worth probably a beads. France's sensitive face was fire and movement. "Listen, Mrs. Varick." he said at length. "This theory would tie things together. Sup-

"Why, he said-but it's some mean hundred thousand-about the value of your stolen jewels. I thought you'd Justine tossed up excited hands. "Gardy, It's Providence. It straight- the pearls, disguised by them with paste jewels, at that pawn-"No, it doesn't," Varick flung back. broker's, as a hiding place." "It's the devil. Those things aren't

if he were her little boy. "We can was to break it that they'd discovered ours; we've got to fuss to find out "Those pawnbrokers are sometimes face anything. It wasn't your fault," that—only half the pearls in your whose they are."

No saler place, "argued France."

Those pawnbrokers are sometimes face anything. It wasn't your fault," that—only half the pearls in your whose they are." "Oh," Justine conceded brokenly. Magellan would know his man. "Of course, they aren't ours. We year ago the police were hot on his "Mrs. Varick." Dion France's deep peared. My theory is that he got France finished the story in the voice began again, "I told you there himself arrested on some minor charge entracte of the first night of "Jew-was more. I've examined these stones and was given a year in prison. That, els."

> "What!" Varick roared it at him. And then: "How can you or any one was handicapped all these years with "You won't have to. He'll be here know that?" "It's a delicate business." France

"DUMB WITH FEAR, SHE

SPRANG; THEN A GRIP ON

"More!" broke in Justine. "More!

joke. This string, aside from the ar-

HER THOAT, A BLOW."

started over. "For \$25."

had another legacy."

desel pearls.

library wall of her great-grea

this is strung on two separate cords?" dulness, no monotony; I envy you." "Give me dulness and monotony by "And did you notice-but you didn't the bucketful," Justine shivered. "I'll -that one of the cords is green? Not present the dewdahs to an orphan asylum, No. I won't. "Those things?" asked Justine, have guessed in any case, without to-morrow. I won't be tied to a bait

> She caught the shining things as if night, do you think?"

> "Hideous!" complained Justine "But, at least, there's no danger wearing them in my own we're having a dinner before the ball Yes, Mary Ann-tea! Oh, upstairs

"there's a special delivery waiting for manded the three men. I'll come in

a second." It was a duplex apartment, and pretty little Mary Ann sped deftly up ahead, bearing muffins. A man stood in the dimness of the inside apartment hallway, a scarf high around his

Something in the man's look halted her. "I'll get a pencil," she said, and

theory," he began, laying long fingers on the dark chair arm. "You re- him and we've got the pearls." ticed the day when you got off the again. trolley car and the taxi almost drove

. That man was undoubtedly

"I saw that man with the crooked "What is it?" demanded France.

you seen him again?"

pose that Magellan, who is uncanny in devices, should himself have left

"No safer place," argued France.

and I believe they are yours—the Ric- being unrecognized, would be as safe a retreat as Magellan could find. "Likely he didn't mean to get a gleam.

The fair, curied German barones, who knew America when indian war whoops were common around Albany, hung against the deem them, but something delayed those stones after her experies to day to watch the string, leaving it ficial jewels of the pawnbroker, with as long as might be. Some Providence one genuine Riedesel for the tradi sent Mrs. Varick just before one of his The money put Varick on his feet and to find that a woman had got the gin. Pearls are a wretched posses pearls if Mrs. Variek had turned back sion," considered France. "It's sinful in response to that shouting—it's to string thousands of dollars on a silk likely he knew her, and followed her. thread, and they're damaged goods that if she'd turned back—" France once they're pierced for stringing—a shrugged his shoulders.

he's trying, this minute, to get at me to get them back?"

To you suppose you've proved to-night, the imitations are, for almost the entire world, ex-"That," said Mr. France. "would be actly as beautiful as the real. No

the triumphant proof that they are sane, reasonable person should own

"Good Lord." Variek borst forth, firm lips set. pearls, we're not keen about living as unted animals."

ION FRANCE failed to ogree. "Think what a joy to lure on the blackguard and at last trap he pointed out enthus antically. Printed by arranger set with Metropoly moment an adventure; no Newspaper Series, New York, Every moment an adventure; no

for thugs, Gardy. You take Gardy, and sell them. You buy

to lift them off and stopped, laugh-ing. "They're so pretty!" she sighed I want to wear them to-night with my Florentine dress. Don't you think might do that, Mr. France? Just to-

France shook his head. "Hard luck," he said. "The big ball—the wonderful costume - telling you friends the story-I see. But it would be the psychological chance for You certainly must have Magellan. secret service men if you wear them.

"Please'm," spoke Mary Ann.

"Go up to the den," Justine com-

neck, and a cap low on his forehead. "Special delivery!" asked Justine.

"Here's one." The voice was too close, and she

turned in the doorway and saw-Dumb with fear, she sprang; then a grip on her throat, a blow; somewhere somebody screamed; darkness. As he wheeled, her eyes went past and caught a glimpse of a figure tied into the black carved chair where Mr. chair of black oak, unconscious- France had sat half an hour ago.

> put his arm around her.
> "My dear!" he cried breathlessly. "You're not hurt much? We've got laid her down, but she popped up

"It's" France nodded out of breath but radiant. "It's Magellan. He won't steal jewels again for some time. Telephone, Mr. Varick. I want to hand

him over to the police." "Was he the special-delivery man?" "He followed so Justine inquired. cls were taken, probably, by a net glose. Then I saw those had eyes and which had been spread for weeks. The I knew. He caught my throat. couldn't call. How did you know?"

There was a bleating sound at the rear; then hysterical laughter. "Mary Ann," explained Varick-"the muffins. She came down for hot ones in and she screamed like engine 999, nose and flerce eyes; I'd know that bless her. Even then, if our good old front door hadn't stuck, he'd have got off."

"Is he dead?" inquired Justine, gas-"Not he," said France, jostling him "Yes. It was the man who came in a little. "He hasn't used more than six of his lives yet. France leaned forward and do his turn. It will be a long one, for he left old Stevens nearly mur-

dered beside his safe in Philadelphia. Mr. Varick, aren't the police due?" "The bell." said Varick. "Police-Mary Ann." But Mary Ann bleated more earnestly, and the cook, who was present, and the chambermaid, all joined in a bleating chorus.

sir! Please don't ask us to go to that front door-not that one, sir! "It's the only one we have, Mary Ann. "We couldn't, sir. It give us a turn just to hear it buzz.'

"Where we hope they'll stay safely But France smiled his all-wise

smile, with long eyes narrowing to a gleam. "Not at all, my young friend," said he. "Happy ever after isn't the end of those pearls. She your jewels and unable to get rid of sold them."
them. They were conspicuous and he "Sold them! Oh, no!" I certainly was disappointed. "How could sae?"

It's probable he came from day The things she's wearing are the arti-It would take him a minute left them with a pleasantly big marhole through them, Moreover, as

real ones," France concluded, with his "we don't want triumphant proof at And then his mobile face broke into that price. Much as we'd like the gentle whimsicality. "All the same, there's something wrong with the per who doesn't love pearls,"

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Dion France.

## Next Saturday's Complete Novelette

## HIGH EXPLOSIVE

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

gone seven years. That's one of my stories. Do you want to hear it?" "I do." I settled into my scat.
"But the curtain's going up." Mr.
France objected. "We'll see how they Stay here, and T'll ered. "About the size."

"You're mad, Gardy," his wife ad-"I want to hear the story," I said as them bigger and bigger. I'll be think-donkey, and always bothering."
"Wasn't it queer I should have in half a minute. There's the bell."
"It's a delicate business." France them bigger and bigger, I'll be think-donkey, and always bothering."
"Wasn't it queer I should have in half a minute. There's the bell."
"So it based that Dion France, acknowledged, "but in the first place them. They were conspicuous and he was saving them till a favorable time to the party of the series of them. They were conspicuous and he was saving them till a favorable time to the party of the first time you placed your also a next egg for his treet. These them to the party of the party "Surely. And I see Mrs. Gardy Va- eggs." rick down there wearing the pearls. "There's the print is to say—She's in the fifth nodded to a corner.

mon around Albany, hung against the age seemel to have looked about identical; any French duchess whose charming head was cut off in the Terror might have sat for this pretty blonde German whose husband came over to help England crush her rebellious colory, and who followed her

in their apartment on a Park husband into appalling dangers. The Avenue eleventh floor, the pearly were distinguishable, yet they, Varieks breakfasted in a dining room too, were of a greenish sameness with when an east window was gay with the lace of the court dress. The plants and a bird sung and mahogany flesh-and-blood descendant, Justine, glowed and silver shone. Variek was walked up to "granny" and examined dowed and silver short.

a trifle silent, but Justine, his wife, her jewelry.

a trifle silent, but Justine, his wife, her jewelry.

"You're partly right, Gardy. The talked along, and the meal proceeded cheerfully from grapefruit to marma- Riedesel pearls were about the size of lade. Then the two strayed into the some of my fake ones, the small fake library. Varick began those prelim- ones." She held the long string toinary movements which every woman ward its painted comrade. knows as heralding departure for the an expert could tell," she said, "but to me my \$25 string looks exactly as

"Oh!" The manly instinct to get you. Could you use me?"

fairly well off, as we are. But they for to-night."

"We'll give up nothing." Gardiner The seweller opened the velvet case came to me from so far, through so "You're a lamb," said Justine, "but Varick delied the universe. "We'll go and lifted out the huge rope which many hands to mine. And mine let France is too great to string sham with bells on and hold up our heads. Justine had bought in the pawnshop, the one which broke. Nobody would the telephone rang. "Oh, Mr. called "Jewels" wing.

But, "Oh, Gardy—you can't go
promised well, permised well, permised well.

The curtain you'd look at my Florentine dress for The curtain you'd look at my Florentine dress fo

em slip."

pearls."

Pearl said. "I was against your doing it "yes, he'll do it," agreed Justine. France. I was just about to call you. "to be strung this morning, under-been protected by passing through the then. But—if you had 'em—and were "Thank you so much, Gardy. You're I forgot to stop for those beads. My standing that they were artificial. I bearls. Even there it's often lost, willing to sell only half—it would be an angel." And with the broken wife wants to wear them to-night, was out for the day, and when I got where the pearls have slipped. But string and a handful of loose stones Would you be good enough—"A back, about 4. Emory, who's responsant pearls have slipped. But the pearls have slipped and pearls have slipped and pearls have slipped and pearls have slipped and pearls have slipped at the pearls have sl "Gardy, is something wrong? Twice thrown into his overcoat pocket, Var- silence; Varick's expression changed sible, came to me with the string and to be convincing, still unmistakaniy as he listened from courteous endur- a long face. 'Mr. France,' he said, 'I green. Where's the portrait?" Justine was out for lunch. And it ance to surprise, to doubt. "I don't wonder if Mr. Variek knows that only Varick smiled wanly, "It's just was four o'clock when she came think I'm understanding. I'm talking about half of these stones are real?" Varick switched on electricity. France that I took a risk. I'm anxious." home. about a string of beads I left—yes, Justine made an incoherent excla-held up the pawnship beads to the



"I do; every hour of my life." He Gardy?"

his castle in the Middle Ages and bird, and I tore down the street and "And I can't give you the pearls or dead?" lifted them from a worthy merchant I think they shouted, and I didn't to wipe out the anxiety because I let

throw them to you like this" With a lift of the rope she swept it over her head—and the rope caught on one of the glass rubies from the tainly is. To my mind, it's as good-tooking as the Riedesel."

On one providing shop, and, with that, white balls gleamed in a shower and

tinkled over the floor. "See what you've done by being She put her fingers two-thirds to her generous!" Varick smiled with the paper. belt. "The Riedesel came to here, look of heavenly gentleness which al-And this is away below my waist," ways inspired his wife with a great ways inspired his wife with a great the showed him. "And the pearls are desire to love him more, to make him larger." happier. He was on his knees now

"I don't think so," Varick consid- searching the floor for her stupid imitation pearls. "Gardy, my dear!" she cried conmonished him. "Ever since those tritely, "I've delayed you all this time apartment." He sinced at the bright possibly wait for him to come. pearls were stolen you've been seeing -and you're troubled and I'm such a comfort around him.

odd. Must be some mistake, Yes, I'm

"Come straight up. Nobody hurt "No. Business."

"I'm glad. Come home. I'm here." he's got your take stones mixed. Yet A key turned in the lock twenty -I don't understand." from some secret place in Das. The Riedesel stones came to it was all right."

Choke myself for wearing those won- minutes later, and Justine Bledesel stones came to it was all right."

Choke myself for wearing those won- minutes later, and Justine Bledesel stones came to it was all right."

Choke myself for wearing those won- minutes later, and Justine Bledesel stones came to it was all right."

Choke myself for wearing those won- minutes later, and Justine Bledesel stones came to it was all right." smile. "It's this," he said, rushing of one of his clerks." "I've been a foot, I the sentences. not always agreeable for a lady to darling. I'd tear off the pearls and indersed for Varick Lewis. He's

smashed, and we're in." USTINE put her hand against his "Hang it, Justine, I never can he ens everything." check as she had before, "Don't with those green eyes of yours on me. mind, Gardy dear," she said, as What the wild man called me up for "It was. I was a fool to go on his string are genuine!"

"He's your cousin; it would have and fixel his eyes on hers with a can't use them." een hard to refuse." broadening grin. 'Can you beat it?"
"Hard! But I cught." She had he inquired. "Half of a twenty-fivebeen hard to refuse." pushed him into a chair and his fist dollar trimming-real! But, 5" course, crashed on the arm of it. "I can there's a lapse somewhere. I didn't never forgive myself. It's for you ! want to get your hopes up," mind. We'll have to sublet this

"Wasn't it queer I should have in half a minute. There's the bell."

He gave her a queer look. "I think

"It's nonsense. He says one of the

pearls is real." Then he burst forth:

He held the eighrette in his fingers

"Gardy!" cried Justine, "I can't

"Tell me what he said."

"Tell me!" pleaded Justine.

Variet arose, cherishing globules in ful thing! 'The idea of bothering

bewildered

The Female of the Species vs. The Predatory Male